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One Halfpenny.

PHOTOGRAPH OF RUSSIAN STRIKERS LED BY FATHER GAPON.



This remarkable photograph shows a procession of St. Petersburg strikers marching under the leadership of Father Gapon. It was one of these processions that was murderously fired on by the soldiers on Sunday.

WHERE THE MOSCOW STRIKERS WILL DEMONSTRATE.



Theatre Square, where the strikers will demonstrate in Moscow. The householders are arming, and the attitude of the workers is threatening. A large number of workmen have already struck, and a general strike will be declared to-morrow.

The "Daily Mail" Year Book can be obtained from all newsagents and booksellers, price 1s. 6d., or direct from the publisher, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., for 1s. 10d., including postage.

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.

Flame of Rebellion Rapidly Spreading in Large Cities.

TSAR IN HIDING.

The Imperial Family Terror-Stricken and Distracted.

OMINOUS LULL IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Soldiers Said To Have Refused to Murder the People.

Two facts stand out with some clearness this morning. They are that the Tsar has sought safety in flight, while the revolt is rapidly spreading in Moscow, Sevastopol, and other large centres of Russia.

Ten thousand men are out on strike at Moscow; work has ceased at many of the factories in the city of Kovno; Kishineff, the scene of the horrors of a year ago, is reported to be disturbed, and there is serious news, yet unconfirmed, as to a general revolt in Finland.

Some idea of the widespread nature of the revolution, as it is reported this morning, may be gathered from the following statement of approximate distances in all directions between St. Petersburg and towns where rioting is said to have taken place.

Moscow	320 miles.
Kovno	300 "
Odessa	800 "
Kishineff	800 "
Sevastopol	1000 "
Vilna	350 "

If the revolt proves to be so general and so serious as these censored telegrams would seem to indicate, the central Government may easily be rendered paralysed and ineffective.

The more so if it is true that a great portion of the soldiers fail their masters at the critical moment.

Meanwhile there is a lull in the capital. The Grand Duke Vladimir's massacre of Sunday seems for the moment to have been effective, but there are not lacking signs in the telegrams to hand this morning that the revolt has not been extinguished, but is merely smouldering.

Of the Tsar, "the father of his people" no longer, there is no accurate news. Some reports locate him at Tsarskoe Selo still; others state that, with the Tsaritsa and his children, he is on the Imperial yacht, the Standart, off Libau, ready to sail for Copenhagen; others that he has gone to the Palace at Gatchina, twenty-eight miles south-west of St. Petersburg.

"There is no Tsar now," said Father Gapon on Sunday night, and he was right.

Nicholas II. might conceivably never again be Tsar in St. Petersburg.

LAST NIGHT'S TELEGRAMS FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

Telegraphing last night, Reuter's correspondent in St. Petersburg says:—

An air of uneasiness prevails on the Nevsky Prospect, and in the adjacent streets. All the ground-floor windows of the houses in the vicinity are boarded up.

Work has been suspended at the central station of the Belgian Electrical Company, which furnishes most of the electric light supply of the capital.

At four o'clock this afternoon a troop of Cossacks, in dispersing a crowd of working men, drew their swords and wounded several persons.

In consideration of the disturbed state of the city the officials and employees at the Ministries have been informed that they need not present themselves for duty if they think there is any danger. Consequently many offices are partly empty.

The chemist's assistants have joined the strikers. The electric light has just gone out in the fashionable Bolshaya Norka thoroughfare.

The Prefect of Police has advised shopkeepers to follow the example of those who have already

done so, their own initiative barricaded their windows and doors. This counsel is being generally followed.

Numerous military detachments are stationed in the courtyards of public and private buildings.

No trains are now running between here and Tsarskoe Selo.—Reuter.

FLEEING FOR SAFETY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—The resident managers of foreign-owned works, situated outside the city, are removing their families to Finland, Sweden, or to some other place in Europe.

The workmen in the Government foundries are receiving a daily allowance of 125 kopeks for married and 35 kopeks for single men.

It is stated without reserve, and insisted on at Prince Khilkoff's Ministry to-day, that this money is entirely from Japanese sources.—Laffan.

PROMINENT PERSONS ARRESTED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Professor Kareeff, M. Peschekonoff, and M. Annensky, the well-known writers, and the town councillors and advocates, M. Kedrin and M. Schmitnikoff, were arrested last night.

M. Hessen, who is editor of the "Pravo," was arrested to-day.—Reuter.

LAWYERS SUPPORT THE STRIKERS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Barriers and soldiers to the number of 350 met yesterday evening at the Law Courts, and passed resolutions declaring their entire solidarity with the strikers, protesting against the action of the Government in provoking bloodshed, and declining to plead in the courts.

It was also decided to open a subscription in aid of the strikers' propaganda.—Reuter.

"EXACT NUMBER KILLED."

Another Official Statement Which No One in Russia Believes.

The following official statement as to Monday's proceedings in St. Petersburg was issued yesterday:—

"During the day of January 23 there was no collision between the riotous crowd and the troops. The detachments of soldiers had no need to use their arms, as the crowd dispersed on the appearance of the troops.

"During the day an attempt was made to attack the Gostiny Dvor Market, but it was repulsed. The workmen of the electric stations joined the strike in the evening; then some groups, taking advantage of the darkness, began to break the windows of the shops in the different streets, but order was everywhere quickly restored.

"No one was killed or wounded during January 23.

"The exact number of killed on January 23 is ninety-six, and of wounded 333, fifty-three of whom have been registered at the ambulance stations."—Reuter.

This statement adds another twenty killed to the number given officially by the Russian Government yesterday.

TWO STUDENTS KILLED.

At least two students were killed in the firing near the Nevsky Prospect yesterday.—Reuter.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT READY!

Strange Story Telegraphed from the Russian Capital.

To-day, wires a St. Petersburg correspondent, a body of men is constituted who regard themselves as the future provisional Government of Russia.

These men are not adventurers, but men of standing, whose names are widely known and deeply respected here and abroad.

They are prepared to respect Russian traditions, to pay interest punctually on all loans heretofore negotiated, and will leave nothing undone to avoid measures that would run counter to the obligations undertaken by the Imperial Government.

But every foreign loan contracted after Sunday, January 22, this year they will unhesitatingly repudiate, because no nation can now tend to the Russian Government in good faith or in ignorance of the fact that the people and the Bureaucracy are struggling to discover which of them really represents the nation.

GENERAL TREPOFF AS GOVERNOR.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—It is stated on good authority that General Trepoft is to be appointed Governor-General of St. Petersburg, and that the present Prefect of Police, General Foulon, is to be made Governor-General of Warsaw.—Exchange Telegraph.

Trepoft is hated by the people, and his life was recently attempted. Under his stern, harsh rule it is probable that "repressive measures" of an even harsher kind than before will govern the Russian capital.

FLIGHT OF THE TSAR.

Last Night's Conflicting Reports as to His Majesty's Whereabouts.

TERROR-STRICKEN AND DEJECTED.

Where is the Tsar and the Tsaritsa and their family?

Since Saturday there has been no official news as to his Majesty's whereabouts. On that day he was beyond question at his palace at Tsarskoe Selo, fifteen miles from St. Petersburg.

On Sunday the Imperial Standard flew over the roof of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, but it is generally accepted that his Majesty was not there, though in that case the use of the standard could only have been made with the deliberate intention of luring the strikers to the Palace walls, around which the soldiers awaited them.

On Monday the Tsar was variously reported as having left for Peterhof, thirty miles from St. Petersburg, or going probably to Livadia to avoid the storm. Last night's reports are equally conflicting. Here they are:—

PARIS, Tuesday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Journal" writes:—"It is now stated that the Tsar is at sea on board the Standart, with the Tsaritsa and his children."—Reuter.

LIVAU, Tuesday.—The Russian Imperial yacht Standart is expected here to convey the Tsar and his family to Copenhagen.—"Standard" correspondent.

ANOTHER STORY OF THE FLIGHT.

Another correspondent states positively, however, that the Imperial Family left Tsarskoe Selo yesterday morning for Gatchina.

"After three and a half days of secrecy and frequent change of dwelling from palace to palace, the Emperor hurriedly left Tsarskoe Selo when news had come that the strikers from Kolpino had chosen that palace as the goal of their march.

"Despite the reassuring statements of the Court dignitaries and military men, the Tsar is alleged to have lost his nerve immediately, and to have announced his intention to repair to Peterhof, which is his summer residence.

"Objections occurred to the official minds, and Gatchina was suggested instead of Peterhof by the Dowager-Empress.

"The Tsar consented, and the Imperial party thereupon made a hasty departure for the palace where Alexander III. lived in seclusion during his entire reign."

The "Petit Parisien's" correspondent says that at the Palace of Tsarskoe Selo the events in the capital produced a terrible effect.

The Imperial Family are a prey to terror and prostration. The Tsar is dejected, and refuses to take any decision.

THE CENSORSHIP ENFORCED.

Soldiers Disobey the Order to Fire Upon the People.

PARIS, Tuesday.—Heavy and mysterious silence has fallen on St. Petersburg, and the outside world is therefore ignorant of all events occurring there. The censorship which on Sunday allowed to pass the messages recording the terrible tale of massacre at which the rest of the world shuddered with horror was yesterday, says the "Matin," inexorably enforced.

A French correspondent in the Russian capital wires that he is assured, under all reserve, however, that a regiment of the St. Petersburg military district has refused to leave its barracks to repress the revolt, the soldiers declaring that they would no more fire upon the defenceless people.

A Paris journal correspondent wires that it is reported that the strikers have cut the railway line near Kolpino, the next station to St. Petersburg. A large number of workmen have been sent to repair the line, but it is feared that they will not be able to perform their task, owing to the hostile attitude of the strikers.

"It was observable, wires another French correspondent, that the soldiers shot less in a body yesterday, and that many fired in the air."

"The barracks of the 14th Regiment is surrounded by troops who are guarding it, but it is impossible to know whether the regiment is in revolt."

"The Riga Grenadier Regiment refuses to march against the strikers."

"Our feelings are with Father Gapon. He commands our admiration and esteem," said Canon Scott-Holland to the Christian Social Union yesterday. The people, he added, trusted in the Tsar being their father, and were met with sword and bullet. Perhaps it was as well that a revolution should come.

RUSSIA AFLAINE.

"Gravest News Coming from the Interior to St. Petersburg."

TEN THOUSAND STRIKERS AT MOSCOW.

"Is the revolt spreading?"

"If it does the Government is gone," said a Russian last night, who has official authority for the knowledge that is his.

And in reply comes this message from a correspondent in St. Petersburg:—

"The gravest news is coming in from the interior of the Empire. I learn from a certain source that great agitation prevails at Odessa, Kharkoff, Sevastopol, and Kishineff."

The following are the latest messages received from the various centres:—

MOSCOW (320 miles from St. Petersburg).

TUESDAY.—The strike is rapidly spreading. Up to noon to-day the number of strikers amounted to 10,000.

All the printing works have stopped, and there will be no newspapers to-morrow.

By order of the police, all arms have been removed from gunsmiths' windows. The majority of the gunsmiths' shops are closed.

A p.m.—At noon to-day a body of men from other factories proceeded to the works of Messrs. Hopper, which employ 500 hands, with the object of compelling the men engaged there to cease work. On being refused admittance, they forced their way into the works and caused a cessation of operations.

At the same time work was stopped in the whole district adjoining Daniloff-street, the factories closed including those of Jaquot, Seautout, Hivarovski, and Lichterman.

A p.m.—Small groups of workmen have been collecting in the suburbs to-day. The city itself and the Kremlin are quiet at present, traffic and business proceeding as usual.—Reuter.

SEVASTOPOL (1,000 miles from St. Petersburg).

TUESDAY.—There is little reason to doubt that the fire at the Admiralty works [reported in yesterday's "Daily Mirror"] was caused by mutineering sailors.

Flames burst simultaneously from different parts of the building, which was involved so rapidly that the men in the model department had hardly time to jump from the windows.

Although the flames were got under after burning fiercely for six and a half hours, only the docks were saved.

Scenes of rioting accompanied the fire, sailors thronging the streets crying, "The revolution has begun."

Soldiers refused to fire on the sailors.

ODESSA (800 miles from St. Petersburg).

TUESDAY.—The news of the occurrences in St. Petersburg has exercised a dangerous effect upon the artisan classes in Odessa and other industrial centres in Southern Russia, and, being apprehensive of disorders, the civil and military authorities are adopting elaborate precautionary measures.

Twelve thousand reservists are confined to barracks, and arrangements are complete for drawing columns of troops round certain quarters of the city.

So far all is quiet.

KISHINEFF (600 miles from St. Petersburg).

"A telegram has just reached the Minister of the Interior in St. Petersburg stating that the inhabitants of Kishineff have risen," wires the correspondent of the "Petit Journal."

KOVNO (350 miles from St. Petersburg).

Work was stopped yesterday at all the factories and railway workshops here.

VILNA (360 miles from St. Petersburg).

The workmen here have gone out on strike. The town is quiet.

LAST NIGHT'S ITEMS.

The most competent judges estimate the combined forces in the capital at 100,000 to 150,000 men.

In the course of the night, says Laffan, seven versts of rails were torn up on the Tsarskoe Selo-St. Petersburg line. No trains were running yesterday.

The Japanese are keenly watching developments in St. Petersburg, and the newspapers giving accounts of the riots are eagerly read. The people are shocked at the death-roll.

About 100 Russians assembled at a cafe in the Boulevard St. Michel, in Paris, for the purpose of making a demonstration. Some disturbance occurred, and the police dispersed the assemblage.

John Roberts Breaks All Records
at the Billiard Table.

BREAK OF 821.

John Roberts, in his fifty-fourth year, broke the world's record for billiard breaks on a standard table by scoring 821 yesterday, at Glasgow, in a match with J. Duncan.

The previous highest scores were:—

Stevenson	788	Cook	470
Duncan	722	Mitchell	435
Bateman	545	Harrison	424

Diggie had made 701, but the table was not passed as a standard one.

The average billiard-player would be doing pretty well to make this number in four hours, and in some hundreds of breaks. He would probably occupy at least fifty minutes in merely chalking his cue. He, too, would walk many miles—probably ten or fifteen—round the table, but the wonderful John Roberts would walk very little, possibly a quarter of a mile, and would always have the balls under the direct control of his magical cue.

Magician with the Cue.

Roberts at the table is a marvel of dexterity. The balls under his touch seem almost human. Now he is coaxing them with a touch gentler than a woman's soothing fingers on an aching head, the next moment he is driving them vigorously at his imperious pleasure. They turn recalcitrant, and a coercive stroke of the cue whips them into the most abject submission, and they again become obedient to his every wish.

A young amateur, writing of a match in which Roberts was engaged said that he was "a nice player, but that he had such a lot of easy strokes to go for that anyone could have made them." He forgot the wonderful skill which kept the balls in an easy position for his every stroke.

Roberts has never been equalled, and probably never will be, but this game of billiards played by

MR. JOHN ROBERTS,



The champion billiard player, who made a world's record break of 821 at Glasgow yesterday.—(Percival.)

the champion is a different game entirely from that which is seen on the average table. It is played on a much harder table, under the same rules, yet hundreds ripple off the cue of a Roberts when the average amateur is thinking about his safety miss or even chalking his cue.

The match which is being played at Glasgow between John Roberts and J. Duncan is one of 10,000 points up, and Roberts is conceding 3,500 start. The hall was packed, and when Stevenson's record was passed the spectators cheered enthusiastically. Many players would have been put off their play by such a demonstration, but Roberts proved that he still has nerves of steel by going on as if nothing had happened. Roberts broke down at a moderately easy run in off from the white at the top of the table.

At the end of the marvellous break Roberts was presented with a purse of £100. Peall has often scored faster in some of his spot-stroke breaks. He once made 3,304 in a match at the Westminster Aquarium. His record was 1,000 in forty-four minutes. This, however, does not affect R. Roberts' record, which was made under revised rules barring the "push" and "spot" strokes.

Dr. Torrey Speaks of His Campaign in
Fashionable London.

Before leaving England for a holiday in Germany, prior to commencing his mission at the Albert Hall, Dr. Torrey has made the *Daily Mirror* the medium of a message to London, which we publish below.

In a perfectly unostentatious way, he gives his reasons for selecting the West End as the headquarters of the mission, and proceeds in direct language to assert his belief in the power of the Gospel. His message is as follows:—

Our purpose in coming to the West End is the same as in going anywhere else. We know that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth—rich or poor.

We have seen it bring joy into the hearts of all kinds of people, and we know that it will bring joy to the heart of everyone who receives it in the West End, just as truly as it would in the heart of anyone in the East End.

There is no joy, no peace, nor satisfaction, comparable to that enjoyed by the man who accepts Jesus Christ with his whole heart as his personal Saviour, Lord, and Master.

The religion of Jesus Christ is the religion of joy and gladness. We bring this joy and gladness into the hearts and homes, where it may not be known.

Kensington boarding-houses are anticipating a harvest through the revival. Enhanced prices are already being offered in advance by people coming from distances.

There was another great choir practice in the A'best Hall last night, under the direction of Mr. Fox Bullin, who is rapidly drilling the choral host into complete familiarity with the hymns.

BEWARE OF THE WIDOW.

Clergyman Urges That Single Men Should
Be Protected from Their Wiles.

"Give them out-relief to keep them at home, but do not admit widows' children to Poor Law schools."

Such was the advice given by the Rev. W. Hobbs to the Lambeth Guardians yesterday.

After they had sent their children into the Norwood schools, widows, the reverend gentleman alleged, "made eyes" at the unmarried men of Lambeth, who wedded them in ignorance of their encumbrances. The husband in these cases was annoyed at finding an unexpected family, but usually regarded the situation with resignation.

Though Mr. Hobbs was quite serious, the board declined to agree to his proposal.

TRUSTED A SEASIDE FRIEND.

Lady's Strange Confidence in an Acquaintance
Made on the Sands.

A chance meeting on the sands of Weston-super-Mare with a Somerset lady, named Mrs. Staples, led to the appearance of John Frederick Mearly, a Bristol solicitor, at the Bristol Police Court yesterday.

As a result of the acquaintance so formed Mearly obtained such influence over Mrs. Staples that she instructed him to draw up her will and appoint himself sole executor.

This fact Mrs. Staples concealed from her husband until the day before yesterday. Her property realised £1,200, and was left to her two daughters, now eighteen and sixteen years old respectively.

Mearly is charged with converting £1,000 to his own use. The evidence showed that he sold shares to that value from the estate, and decamped to Australia with the money. He was remanded.

NELSON TEA WIDOWS.

"I shall require a great deal to persuade me that this kind of business ought to go on," said Mr. Justice Buckley, in the Chancery Division, yesterday, speaking of the Nelson Tea Pensions.

On the plea of persons interested in the pension fund he allowed the petition for compulsorily winding up the company to stand over for a fortnight.

FLAMING STREAMS OF OIL.

Several streets in Bolton were yesterday turned into flaming streams of oil owing to a disastrous fire which broke out in the chemical works of Messrs. Hutchins and Co.

Damage to the extent of £3,900 was done to the buildings.

The veteran Bishop of Llandaff died last evening after a long illness.

Mr. Tree's Costly and Ingenious
Revival of "Much Ado."

NO PERSONAL TRIUMPH.

"What are they waiting there for?" asked a passer along the Haymarket early yesterday morning as he looked up a side street and saw several ladies at Miss Majesty's pit door.

Of course they were waiting for last night's production of "Much Ado About Nothing." The first night of a Shakespearean revival at His Majesty's is always a great event. This one was more than usually interesting, for it reintroduced to the stage, after an absence of two years, Miss Winifred Emery.

Moreover, an exceptionally strong cast was gathered together, and although the absence of Miss Viola Tree was to be regretted a more than capable substitute had been obtained in the person of Miss Miriam Clements. Expectation then ran high.

High Hopes Unrealised.

As is often the case, the high hopes were not fully realised. Whatever else may be the verdict upon the performance, it cannot be said that it eclipses Mr. Tree's previous Shakespearean revivals.

The scenery is, of course, magnificent. The scene in Leonato's garden, where the rivalry is held to celebrate the betrothal of Hero and Claudio is delightful, and the passage of night, illustrated by music, with a darkened stage and the curtain up, a novel and not unpleasing effect.

The church scene, again, is admirably stage-managed (and admirably acted), and go one will cowl at the transposition of the love-scene between Benedick and Benedick from the altar-rails to the cloisters outside.

The minor parts, too, with one exception are played with care and a nice discrimination, and the music is all that is of Mr. Raymond Roze's best. But the two principals are rather disappointing.

Benedick is not the Benedick of Shakespeare. Once in the scene where Benedick challenges Claudio, he gives us something of the dignity of the latter, but that is the only time.

For Miss Winifred Emery, it may be said that she is a fitting Beatrice to Mr. Tree's curious Benedick. But that is not to say that she is at her best.

The best acting in the production is that of Mr. Laurence Irving, Mr. Louis Calvert, and Miss Miriam Clements, whose performance as Hero is really fine. Mr. Calvert's Dogberry made the house roar.

LITTLE PRINCE'S NURSE.

Matron of a London Hospital To Take Charge
of the Italian Royal Nursery.

The staff of Queen Charlotte's Hospital greatly miss their late matron, Miss McCord, who has gone to Rome to take charge of the royal nursery.

For eleven years, as one of the nurses told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, Miss McCord was matron at the hospital.

"It was Miss McCord who sent out Miss Dickens when the Princess Yolande was born," said the sister.

"Then, on the arrival of the little Prince she was asked to send out another nurse, and Sister Margaret Brown was chosen."

"In the beginning of December came another letter asking Miss McCord herself to go out and take charge of the royal nursery."

"She did not wish to go, and we did not want to lose her, but of course such an invitation could not be declined."

KING'S SHOOTING PARTY.

The King had an enjoyable day's shooting in Windsor Great Park yesterday.

In the afternoon the Queen drove to Cranbourne Tower and joined the party at luncheon.

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE'S RESIGNATION.

Sir Francis Jeune, President of the Divorce Court, has offered to resign in consequence of his continued ill-health. The names of many leading counsel are mentioned in connection with the post, but it is by no means certain that a vacancy will occur, as the Lord Chancellor desires Sir Francis to retain his position if possible.

SYVETON MYSTERY—NO PROSECUTION

PARIS, Tuesday.—M. Boucard, examining magistrate, this morning notified the father of the late M. Syveton that no case had been made out regarding his son's death. M. Syveton, senior, immediately lodged an objection to this decision.—*Reuter*.

His Lancashire Challenger Says There
Will Be No Fight.

No reply has been received by Mr. Edward Clarkson, the Preston gentleman, from Mr. Winston Churchill, whom he challenged to a fight for calling Sir William Tomlinson, the local M.P., a "miserable old man."

The affair was to be conducted under the old-fashioned Lancashire rules, it was understood; of "up or down," which include the wearing of gloves for stamping on a man when he falls.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Clarkson has received communications of all kinds from everywhere on the subject of the challenge, he does not think, he told the *Daily Mirror*, that there will be any resort to force.

He declares his offer to give Mr. Churchill a drubbing was intended as a joke, but the member for Oldham had evidently not taken it in that light.

"Anyhow, he is not afraid, he says, of Mr. Churchill. He has been accustomed to athletics all his life." If the hon. member wants a drubbing, well—

He hopes the gentle rebuke will warn Mr. Churchill and other budding politicians of the dangerous risks they run in Lancashire of provoking challenges under genuine Lancashire or Queensberry rules.

OPERATION ON MR. EDISON.

Famous Inventor Suffering from a Complaint
Common to Children.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—The "New York Times" states that Mr. Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, was operated on last night for mastoiditis.—*Reuter*.

Mastoiditis is the high-sounding name for a very common complaint which affects children more than adults. It is, in plain terms, an inflammation of the small projecting bone immediately behind the ear. It arises in many cases from a simple cold in the ear.

The suggestion that the complaint may have originated in Mr. Edison's case through too frequent contact with the X-ray apparatus, is discredited by a London specialist on the treatment of such cases.

QUAINT CHINESE SAYINGS.

Oriental Litigant's Amusing Quotations from
the Classics of Cathay.

His Excellency Chang Yen Mao submitted yesterday to further cross-examination by Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., in the Chancery Division. He seeks to obtain damages against Mr. Moreing and others for damages in respect of the exploitation of certain Chinese coal-mines.

Mr. Haldane read an advertisement inserted by his Excellency in a Tientsin newspaper after the formation of the defendant company.

The advertisement contained some quaint phrases, and Chang quoted what he said was "the well-known saying of an Emperor of the Ming Dynasty, 'While I am reclining on my couch, I decidedly object to having another person snoring at my side.'" (Laughter.) Chang also said: "We have almost talked our tongues dry, and have worn the points of our pens, but it was not until the third month of this year that we got the regulations settled."

The hearing was again adjourned.

AMERICA'S RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.

TOKIO, Tuesday.—The Emperor to-day gave a special audience to Mr. Griscom, the United States Minister, and expressed through him to President Roosevelt his great satisfaction at the cordial relations between the two countries. His Majesty highly appreciated America's courtesy to Prince Fushimi.

Mr. Griscom, in reply, thanked Japan for her interest in the St. Louis Exhibition and the friendship manifested by Prince Fushimi's visit.—*Reuter*.

FIGHTING ON THE SHA-HO.

Desultory skirmishing has taken place on the Sha-ho. General Kuropatkin reports that the Japanese are acting on the offensive at Tsinkhecheng. Three separate attacks have been repulsed. The weather, even at night, is warm, with little frost.

BRITON AS RUSSIAN SPY.

YOKOHAMA, Tuesday.—Sentence was pronounced to-day in the case of Mr. H. P. Collins, a British subject of Portuguese extraction, resident in Japan, who was charged with disclosing military secrets to the Russians. The accused was sentenced to eleven years' hard labour.—*Reuter*.

BRIBE TO A WIFE.
Husband Offers Her £2,000 to
Consent to a Divorce.

AMAZING CASE.

Ever since we returned from America you have been living your life after your fashion, without any direct or indirect influence of mine. . . I will undertake to only occasionally get drunk, say six times a year, when I am in company with Bohemians who may be of service to me. I will allow you £1 a week pocket-money when I am in work. . . I could furnish you with proof of misconduct. I will not oppose any divorce suit as long as you do not drag in my American affairs. If you do, I will oppose you tooth and nail, and bring your French friends before the public, and also another mutual friend whom you would not like to injure.

Mrs. Edith Alice Druce was in Paris when she received the above letter from her husband, whom she had left in America. The events that led up to the writing of it she detailed in the Divorce Court yesterday.

She was married to Mr. Benjamin Hubert Druce in 1889. The wedding was a somewhat romantic one, for she had become engaged to her husband when they were both members of a theatrical company touring the States.

She was an American who had already had the misfortune to have to seek a divorce from another husband. He was an Englishman.

After the wedding they lived in England, at Hampstead. A time came when they took another tour together in the States as members of the same theatrical company, but it was not nearly such a sentimental tour as the previous one had been.

Once Mr. Druce was out all night. Some friends of Mrs. Druce had their own theories about what he had been doing. They mentioned the name of a lady belonging to the company to whom Mr. Druce had been paying great attention.

When Mr. Druce came back his wife asked him about this lady, and told him her fears.

"If it is so, you know what to do," said Mr. Druce.

From Bad to Worse.

And then, so Mrs. Druce told the Divorce Court, with difficulty repressing her tears, he went into a bath-room, where she could hear him laughing loudly.

Matters went from bad to worse by well-marked stages. The loud laughter happened at Cleveland, U.S.A. At the next town Mr. Druce engaged separate rooms for himself and his wife; and at the next town after that he openly deserted her for the other lady.

So Mrs. Druce, after seeking the protection of her relations, finally found herself in Paris, left to shift for herself by a husband who would not provide her with a home. He still wrote to her peculiar letters. One of these letters said:—

I wish you most truly many happy returns of your birthday. I write to tell you I bitterly regret my mistake and every action that has caused you unhappiness. I am heartily ashamed. Every day I miss you. Can't you write to me sometimes a friendly little letter letting me know what is happening?—I remain, your husband, DRUCE.

In another letter he said he was "bearly lonely." Ultimately a meeting was arranged at Hotel Cecil, where the separated husband and wife lunched together. Mr. Druce made a proposal to the effect that he would give his wife £2,000 if she would divorce him!

On her refusal he went to America and began divorcing proceeding there, but Mrs. Druce made a successful resistance and refuted the charges made against her.

Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday granted her a decree nisi.

Lord Monckswell's work on the London County Council was recognised by the unveiling of his portrait at Spring Gardens yesterday.



BEAUTIFUL TRESSES and UNRIVALLED COMPLEXION

are the sure results of using
UNA HAIR TONIC and SKIN LOTION.

To introduce these delightful toilet accessories we will send a 1/- bottle of both for 1/6 post free.

UNA HAIR TONIC is prepared from the finest stimulants known for promoting the growth of the Hair. Prevents greyness and baldness. Contains no grease and is non-damable.

UNA SKIN LOTION is a face beautifier par excellence, and is unrivalled for greasy skin, enlarged pores, wrinkles, etc.

UNA FACE POWDER—Pure, antiseptic, and healing. Unrivalled for the nursery. A charming Pink Buff given free with each box. Pink Cream, White, post free, 1s. 1d.

UNA TOILET CO., 49 St. Portland St., London, W

Extraordinary Scene at a Ladies' Sewing Class.

A case of wholesale poisoning of a most extraordinary character has occurred in Blackpool. No fewer than fifty women and girls appear to have narrowly escaped a terrible fate.

A ladies' sewing-class meeting had been held for some weeks in the parlour of a Primitive Methodist chapel, and, up to a few days ago, everything went well, although several ladies complained of headaches after attending the meetings.

Then one day the gathering had to disperse earlier than usual owing to several members being seized with nausea, amongst them being the minister's wife.

One lady, the wife of a councillor, barely managed to reach home before she completely collapsed.

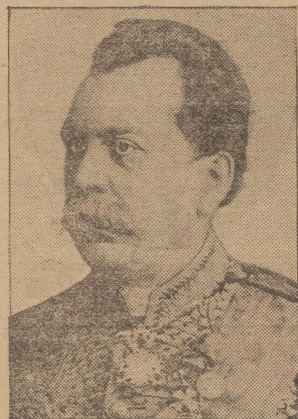
Unaware of what had happened at the previous meeting, the young women's sewing-class, consisting of about thirty members, assembled in the same place. When a lady walked into the room some time later she was surprised that no one responded to her greeting, and still more astonished when one girl fell from her chair in a dead faint.

An exciting scene followed. Another member of the class swooned a moment later, and others in quick succession had similar seizures. Those who had not fainted complained of violent headaches and nausea, but they revived considerably when taken into the open air.

A doctor who was summoned said the symptoms were those of charcoal poisoning.

The parlour was heated with a charcoal stove, from which poisonous fumes must have escaped. Had not the lady entered when she did the consequences to the sewing-party might have been most disastrous.

LATE M. DE PLEHVE.



He was Minister of the Interior, and was assassinated a short time ago in St. Petersburg. The present rising of the people in Russia is attributed mainly to their suffering under his drastic rule.

LOVER'S REVENGE.

Naval Stoker Disfigures with Vitriol the Girl Who Jilted Him.

"I hope you are satisfied with your part in this drama, you smiling, crawling viper. A smiling face and a knife in the ribs, you snake in the grass; but, wait!"

This letter, addressed to Frank Carey, was found in the pocket of Frederick Robinson, a stoker on H.M.S. Pembroke, who was remanded at South-west yesterday, charged with throwing vitriol in the face of Beatrice Powell. It was stated that the young woman's nose, eyebrows, and lip were severely burnt.

Questioned about the above letter, the prisoner said the man referred to was his greatest chum when he went away, and it was owing to him that the girl broke off her engagement.

A police witness said Robinson, who had been away for a three years' cruise, had been engaged to the young woman for six years. No doubt "this unfortunate business" was due to jealousy.

The Magistrate: "Unfortunate business! It is a very great crime."

HIGH PRICES FOR ENGRAVINGS.

For a first state of J. R. Smith's engraving after Romney's picture of Mrs. North 110 guineas was given at Messrs. Christie's Rooms yesterday. In 1903 a similar copy realised 470 guineas.

Clergyman Distressed by a Visitation of Black Beetles.

AMUSING CASE.

When the Rev. Lancelot F. Percival, vicar of St. James's, Fulham, next preaches about the Plagues of Egypt he will be able to do so from the standpoint of one who knows what plagues are like. Mr. Percival has made a personal acquaintance with a plague of cockroaches.

How he did so was told during the hearing of a law-suit brought against him by Mr. George Walton, the artist, before Mr. Justice Phillimore and a special jury yesterday. Mr. Walton is claiming from Mr. Percival the sum of £75, a quarter's rent of a house in Holland-street, Kensington.

When Mr. Percival met the cockroaches he was curate of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, and wanted a house for a year. He arranged to take Mr. Walton's house.

As a sort of advance guard he sent his cook, Mrs. Shorter, to take possession of the house. She slept there two nights, amid a cockroach nightmare, according to the statement of Mr. Lush, K.C. Counsel's words were:—

"When she went to bed the place was covered with these nasty cockroaches. There were hundreds of them. She found them in her stockings in the morning. Her bedding was dark with them."

She curate himself on making investigations found two cockroach traps, basins containing stout, packed with hundreds of cockroaches.

Time of Intervention.

His description of Mrs. Walton's indignation when he wanted to go back on his bargain caused great amusement in court.

Mrs. Walton came round, and called on his wife. He left the two ladies together at first, but, finding that the interview did not end, intervened. Mrs. Walton, he said, then cross-examined him, and made remarks about "our position in Kensington." He tried to persuade her to go, "not rudely, I hope."

When she did go she talked about libel actions on the doorstep so loudly that cabmen could hear. The case was adjourned.

TOWN RUINED BY LAW.

Costs in Oyster Pollution Case Mean a Rate of 25s. in the Pound.

Financial ruin threatens the little town of Emsworth, on the shores of Chichester Harbour, Sussex, and this is how the trouble has been brought about.

For its alleged negligence in allowing the town's sewage to pollute his oyster bed, Mr. J. D. Foster claimed £15,000 damages from the local district council. Through eating Emsworth oysters at a Winchester banquet several deaths are alleged to have ensued, and several guests, including the Dean of Winchester, were taken ill with typhoid fever.

Yesterday Mr. Justice Walton decided that the district council was liable, and gave judgment against it with costs, but reserved the question of damages and granted no injunction.

The costs of the present action have had to be paid by a special rate, and in order to pay the £15,000 claimed an additional rate of 25s. in the pound would have to be levied—an imposition so Emsworth residents would be prepared to meet.

PLOTTING AN ELOPEMENT.

New "Pyramus and Thisbe" Drama in Which the Police Intervene.

Though he said he was looking for his wife in the back garden of a house in Frayton-gardens, Kensington, George Collingwood, a painter, was really endeavouring to communicate with the daughter of the house, Miss Kitchell.

He was brought up yesterday at the West London Police Court on remand, charged with being a suspected person.

The object of his garden call, it transpired, was to answer a letter he had had from the girl, who had run away with him two years ago, and was plotting to do it again.

The magistrate, in discharging the prisoner, said that whatever he might think of his character the was no evidence of felonious intent.

LADY DOCTOR TOO ENTHUSIASTIC.

To make sure there should be no more tonsillitis among the little girls in the Lambeth parish schools, the lady medical officer, Miss Alice Johnson, of Norwood, has cut all their tonsils out.

The guardians are in doubt lest she may have been over-zealous in her doctoring, for one of them has discovered that only five or ten per cent. of children ought to undergo the operation. Meanwhile the hundred or so little patients seem none the worse.

Her Vivid Inventions Lead to an Official Wild Goose Chase.

Little Lucy Webb, the precocious child adventures of Cardiff, after another romantic excursion, this time to Swindon, has again been restored to her widowed mother.

She started her adventurous career by going into service in Cardiff without her mother's knowledge. There she led her employers into the belief that she was an orphan heiress.

Before a solicitor, who was consulted, the precocious child maintained a remarkably consistent story.

But, though romantic, this did not prove exciting enough, and she disappeared.

The Newport police found her wandering—apparently destitute. At the police station, and then at the workhouse, she told a pathetic circumstantial story that brought tears to the eyes of strong policemen and hardened Poor Law guardians.

Doris Evelyn Williams, she said, was her name, and her parents were Londoners, who had to do with the stage.

One morning, while she and her nurse were out for a walk in the gardens at Sydenham, a gentleman came and told her at Farringdon Station—she met her father and mother, she told the nurse.

She did not see her parents, so her story ran, but went on to Newport in the train with the gentleman.

Outside the Talbot Hotel her guardian ran away from her, so she was lost, but she was certain she could find her parents if she could only get back to Sydenham.

So a relieving officer took her up to London. They tramped about all day. Identification of the seat in the Sydenham gardens was the only reward of the officer's devotion to duty.

At last an advertisement in the "Police Gazette" was resorted to, and Lucy identified went back to her widowed mother.

But she was soon off again, and has now just been traced to Swindon, where she was again masquerading as the much-injured Doris Evelyn. Once more she is back with her mother.

OUR ALIENS.

Pensioned German Police Officer Comes to England To Break the Law.

Among the criminal aliens dealt with in the police courts yesterday was a German named Henry de Stoppang, aged seventy-two, who for twenty years was a detective in the German police force.

Though in receipt of a pension of £89 a year from the German Government, he allowed his house at Forest Gate to be used for improper purposes. The West Ham magistrate sentenced him to six weeks' hard labour, remarking that the case was worse than the usual one of its class.

At the Guildhall Ernest Frank, a German, who was said to have posed as a "detective from the Consul," was remanded on a charge of stealing 15s. from Otto Heiland, a fellow-countryman.

For attempting to obtain money by false pretences from the caretaker of the German Sailors' Home, Ernest Mogger, a young German, was ordered a month's hard labour by the Thames magistrate.

COLD-BLOODED LOVE-MAKING.

Liverpool Swain Sues for the Return of His Presents.

When the love of William J. Wright, of Liverpool, for Miss Mary Butler, of the same city, was at its zenith, he gave her presents worth £14.

His love has now grown cold, and he yesterday sued her for the return of two bracelets, a ring, a gold watch and chain, and other knickknacks. Mr. Wright had broken the engagement because the young lady was seen in the company of other gentlemen, and admitted in the witness-box that no express condition was attached to the gifts.

Counsel for the defence used this admission, and urged that the object of the suit was to deprive Miss Butler of evidence in the event of a breach of promise suit.

In this view the magistrate concurred, and dismissed the case.



CHILDREN TEETHING TO MOTHERS. MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children, who teething with perfect success. It not only cures the child, softens the gums, always kills PAIR, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

Descriptions of the Principal
Photographs in To-day's
"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

A REVOLUTION PICTURE FROM ST. PETERSBURG

The obtaining of a pictorial record of events occupies some of the best photographers and most enterprising news-getters in the world, and wonderful results are often achieved by them, but the fine picture on page 1 is beyond question the first ever taken of the birth of a revolution.

It shows the great procession of strikers, headed by Father Gapon, on their march through the streets of the Russian capital to the Winter Palace, and was taken a few minutes before the firing commenced which laid hundreds of the demonstrators dead or wounded upon the snow.

The procession was entirely an unarmed one. At its head bronze crosses were raised, and the Church banners which are seen in the picture, as well as icons and three large portraits of the Tsar and Empresses—the last as badges of loyalty and peaceful intention. Two priests, Father Gapon and Father Sergius, took the lead, supported by a bodyguard of young men.

The first collision with the military took place without warning close to the spot shown in our photograph, when a body of cavalry rode into the procession, trampling down men, women, and children without mercy; and a few minutes later, after one volley of blank cartridge, the infantry began firing volleys of ball cartridge into the crowd, turning the street into a shambles.

It required, as may well be believed, a considerable amount of cool nerve to select a good point of view for taking a photograph and then to wait for the moment when the most interesting part of the procession came in view before exposing a plate; but the man with the camera was, as he generally is, equal to the occasion, and succeeded in obtaining the wonderful bit of pictorial history we are able to reproduce.

The print reached us late yesterday afternoon after making a quick journey across Europe.

MOSCOW IN REVOLT.

On page 1 we give a photograph of the great Theatre Square in Moscow, where the strikers in that city will assemble. Thousands have already come out, and a general strike is ordered for tomorrow.

Official proclamation has been made warning the people not to assemble on pain of the same treatment that has been given to the strikers of St. Petersburg, but excitement is high, and it is probable that no notice will be taken of the threat.

It is only too likely that the scene of our picture is destined to gain an equally sinister reputation as the Palace Square in St. Petersburg, for, unless the strikers give way, which seems most unlikely, collisions with the troops held in readiness to deal with the crisis can hardly be avoided.

A BARRICADED STREET.

On page 8 we give a picture of the Gorokhovaya Street showing where a barricade has been constructed by the revolted strikers of St. Petersburg—telegraph wires, entanglements and overturned sleighs being the principal materials used.

The street is one of the chief approaches to the Winter Palace from the southern part of the city, and it has been barricaded at a spot only a few hundred yards away from the Admiralty, to which the tall, slender spire, which makes a great feature in the photograph, belongs.

Sanguinary fighting has taken place at this and the many other barricades erected, but the revolutionaries do not seem to be cowed by the fearful slaughter, and continue to erect new barricades as soon as the old ones are demolished.

PALACES ATTACKED.

Attacks have been made on several of the Imperial and Grand Ducal palaces, notably on the Anitchkoff Palace, which appears in our photograph on page 8, but as they are all strongly garrisoned by troops, the mob contented itself by breaking the windows with stones.

The Anitchkoff Palace is in the Nevsky Prospect, and is the St. Petersburg residence of the Dowager Empress, who has left the city for Tsarskoe Selo. Several encounters between the demonstrators and the troops have taken place in front of it, the soldiers having three times fired upon the people there, killing and wounding them by the score.

SPREADING THE REVOLUTION.

The authorities cannot discover where they are printed or by whom they are disseminated, but pamphlets, such as the one reproduced in facsimile on page 8, are being circulated broadcast through Russia, calling on the people to rise in defence of their liberties.

News of the massacre in St. Petersburg is being carried everywhere in the same manner, and the people are reminded that by his action in not only refusing to receive the peaceful demonstrators, but permitting their wholesale slaughter, the Tsar has lost all claim to the loyalty of the Russian people.

Whisky was used to revive a dying horse at Beverley, East Yorkshire, but without success.

Prince Krapotkin, who is lying seriously ill at Bromley, Kent, was yesterday reported to be in a critical state.

Mr. John Halford, of Eckington, has just received his medal and Lucknow bar for services rendered in the Indian Mutiny.

Westminster City Council will be recommended to contribute towards the cost of painting 3,300 street lamps, the men employed to be taken from the council's labour bureau.

GROUSE IN SUFFOLK.

Much surprised was a sportsman to find that a bird he took for a hen pheasant, and which fell to his gun on Hinderday Fen, in Suffolk, proved to be a fine male specimen of the Yorkshire grouse (Hare-foot) weighing 23oz.

SEVENTEEN YEARS IN THE POST.

An order sent to a Leicester business house by a Wigan firm in October, 1888, has only just reached its destination.

The letter was found in some old shelving which has just been pulled down at the Leicester post office.

SHEEP RIDDEN TO DEATH.

Seven dead sheep were found embedded in the mud of a Nottinghamshire dyke. A number of boys had been seen chasing them and riding on their backs just previously.

Summonses against four schoolboys have been taken out at Retford.

REMARKABLE ORCHID.

Lord Rothschild sent a photograph of a remarkable orchid to the Royal Horticultural Society's show yesterday.

The flower-spike had seven main branches and eleven secondary branches, bearing eighty-eight expanded flowers and eleven buds.

PALE GREEN HALFPENNY STAMPS.

Why are the halfpenny stamps sold at the post office so pale, asks a correspondent. The green in which they are printed is so watery as to appear faded.

Purchasers have been led to refuse to accept,

MR. FRANK CROKER,



Son of Mr. Richard Croker, the former Tammany chief. He has just been killed as the result of a motor-car accident at Daytona, Florida.

save under protest, stamps which look like old stock, and one might expect that the Postal Union would have raised complaint.

DICKENS'S UNDYING POPULARITY.

Charles Dickens's works are more popular than ever in England to-day. Only last month over 200,000 copies of his books were sold in this country.

BULL DELAYS TRAINS.

Traffic on the Midland line was considerably interfered with at Tonworth, owing to the playfulness of a fat bull, who showed a great partiality for the railway track.

Secured at last to some railings the animal struggled until it fell and broke its neck.

THREE OUT OF A THOUSAND.

Instead of a thousand men, as had been rumoured were required, only three labourers out of the large crowd who besieged Palmer's ship-building yard, at Jarrow, were wanted.

For the last three months, it is estimated, two thousand men have been out of employment at Jarrow.

Between Lambeth and Vauxhall Bridges yesterday a Thames waterman named Hackett succeeded in killing a fine specimen of the dog otter.

Edinburgh Court of Session yesterday decided to abstain from the ordinary business of the Court in consequence of the death of Lord Kinross.

Members of the Bristol Corporation yesterday inspected Wapping Dock, which they bought for £18,500, and converted into a commercial dry dock.

The Bishop of London is to be among the speakers at the Mansion House meeting, on February 6, in support of the Church Army's relief work for the unemployed.

RED BADGE FOR A VICIOUS HORSE.

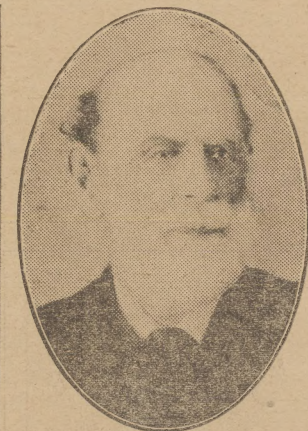
Red ribbon, as a warning, ought to have been tied to the tail of a horse which kicked and caused the death of a farmer's son, named Joseph Pinder, whilst out with the South Notts Hounds, said a coroner's jury.

DEARER BOOTS AND SHOES.

Leather is daily becoming dearer owing to the shortage of hides brought about by drought in Australia, rinderpest in South Africa, and famine in India.

Northamptonshire manufacturers say that dearer

MR. MIDLANE,



Composer of the well-known hymn, "There's a Friend for little children," who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday.—(Ball).

boots and shoes are inevitable. The cost of raw material has gone up about 30 per cent. during the last four months.

"TOBY PHILPOT" JUG.

Dating back from the early part of the eighteenth century, a "Toby Philpot" jug of Burslem manufacture, said to have been used in a former generation as a "property" at Sadler's Wells Theatre, only fetched a sovereign in an East End auction-room yesterday.

GIPSIES DEPORTED BY STEAM ROLLER.

Leyton adopted a novel means of ridding itself of the unwelcome Macedonian gypsies who encamped on some waste land near Lea Bridge.

The urban council's steam roller was fetched, and the three caravans were attached to it and "dumped down" in Woodford.

WIGAN'S SPECIAL WICKEDNESS.

Wigan's six outstanding vices are Sunday trading, pigeon-flying, late dancing, gambling, immorality, and drunkenness.

The Rev. W. A. Harrison brought this indictment against the town at a mission which was conducted at the Wigan Hippodrome.

THREE NOVELS FOR £10.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard, who is to report upon the agricultural and industrial land settlement of the Salvation Army in the United States, did not make much out of his first attempts at fiction. "Cetewayo and His White Neighbours," "Dawn," and "The Witch's Head," only brought him in £10.

MOTOR-OMNIBUS OR ELECTRIC CAR?

Classic Oxford is much exercised in its mind as to whether it should lay down and municipalise electric cars when the lease to the present tramway company expires in 1907.

Meanwhile, a syndicate to supply the whole of Oxford and its environs with a service of motor-omnibuses is being promoted.

Mr. Barrasford's Hours Wrong and
Prices Too High.

WHAT ARE BEST TIMES?

To-day our original correspondent, "Infrequent Player," returns to the charge. He sends us the following reply to the letter we printed yesterday from Mr. Barrasford, manager of the Lyceum:—

You ask me, as the originator of the correspondence, "Are Entertainments Too Dear?" to sum up and reply to the various criticisms of the suggestions I put forward in my article.

With the exception of the letter from Mr. Barrasford, of the Lyceum, no really serious argument has been advanced against my contention that the present mode of catering for the entertainment of London is not designed to meet either the requirements or the pockets of the people. Even Mr. Barrasford admits this, though he claims that the new system of hours and prices in force at the Lyceum are more in accord than those of any other theatre with the need of the times.

But is Mr. Barrasford quite sure he is right on this point? It is obviously absurd to begin a performance either at a theatre or a variety theatre at eight o'clock which is designed for people who dine at that hour; it is equally absurd to continue a performance till nearly half-past eleven and expect the patronage of those who must perforce be up and about for their day's work by seven o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Barrasford's reply is that at the Lyceum, where operatic artists and other high-class varieties are given he has solved these points by a 3s. stall and performances lasting about two hours, the first commencing at half-past six and the second at nine o'clock.

But why fix these hours? City clerks do not finish work till six, and they do not want to be turned out of an entertainment at half-past eight; their employers dine at eight, and could hardly be in time for the beginning of the nine o'clock performance.

If the first performance began at 7.30 and the second at 9.30, I think the hours would be more in accordance with the requirements of the public, and I should imagine it is possible to make a reasonable profit at even lower prices than those in force at the Lyceum—cheap though they are by comparison with other first-class variety theatres.

Still I admit Mr. Barrasford is working along the lines which must ultimately prevail in the supply of entertainment. The day of the long, dear, dull performance, whether in theatre or variety theatre, beginning too early for many and finishing too late for others, is over. The curious point about it is that few of the managers seem to realise this.

INFREQUENT PLAYER.

IN ANCIENT DAYS.

It may interest your readers to read a few extracts from old writers on this subject.

According to Hares, the highest price appears to have been 1s., for which the gay gallants might have a stool on the stage. Or they might for the same money have a seat in the best box.

Byrnes says: "Many there are who, according to their several qualities, spend 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d., 12d., 18d., 2s., and sometimes four and five shillings at a playhouse day by day, if coach-hire, boat-hire, tobacco, wine, beer, and such-like vain expenses be caste into the reckoning."

Foots Cray, Kent.

GEO. PEARL.

PERFORMANCES TOO LONG.

Do not the managers of theatres (and variety theatres, too) imagine that people want more entertainment than they really do want?

I always find two hours quite enough. For one thing, I am a busy man, and have not time to spare for more than that amount of amusement.

But even if I were a person of leisure, I think three and a half to four hours would leave me very tired.

Wimbleton Park.

H. C. B.

GREAT PEACE DANCE.

Foreigners Coming To See the "Lord Mare" in State Attire.

For the first time in history a grand international peace dance has been arranged, and will be held at the Hotel Cecil on January 31.

Mr. D. G. Collins, chairman of the City of London International Commercial Association, has only just sent out the invitations, and already they are being accepted by official and private representatives of foreign countries.

The principal embassies at once set the seal of their approval of the dance, by promising to attend, while France is sending a delegation of leading literary and artistic men and women.

"Never before," said Mr. D. G. Collins, "has there been such a gathering together of the nations to celebrate their desire for peace."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1905.

THE HARVEST OF
VLADIMIR'S DAY.

JUST as the taking of the Bastille in Paris was the signal for the outbreak of the French Revolution at numberless points all over France, so the events of "Vladimir's Day" are being followed in many parts of Russia by strikes of workmen, risings of the disaffected, burnings, killings, acts of bitter enmity to autocratic Tsardom.

Moscow is organising. In Odessa the authorities feverishly make ready for civil war. Kishineff, which ran with Jewish blood in 1903, is said to have risen. Sevastopol seethes with sedition. Finland sees its chance. Poland is prepared. Everywhere St. Petersburg's cue is being taken up. Even the terrible Vladimir cannot be everywhere at once.

His policy of "Thorough," which he put so ruthlessly into execution in the capital, looks more and more like an organised plan. The workmen were enticed into a trap. When they read the notices urging them to march to the Palace quietly and in order they naturally thought they had been officially posted. They resembled the ordinary police instructions. The police did not disown them.

Yet as soon as their march began they found they had to deal, not with the police at all, but with soldiers, sabres, and grapeshot. Was this Vladimir's plot, hatched in order to teach the Reformers a deadly lesson? If that be not the explanation of the lack of any warning to the workmen, what other shall we accept? If the police were not instructed to make the processionists believe their march would be allowed, how can we account for their passive attitude?

This aspect of the massacre deepens its horror. If the authorities had been acting in self-defence there would have been some excuse for them, stupid and obstinate as their action must have seemed to the world. But what if this monster of a Grand Duke deliberately encouraged bands of peaceful men, with women and children amongst them, to come into collision with troops ordered to kill them without mercy?

No doubt he hoped that his "whiff of grapeshot" would settle the matter out-of-hand. There have been disturbances before which that summary method has brought to an end. But in this case he blindly misread the signs of the times. Every bullet fired on Sunday was a seed of revolution. The harvest may be slow to ripen, but it will not fail.

ENTERTAINMENTS TOO DEAR.

The letter we publish to-day, in answer to that of Mr. Barrasford, manager of the Lyceum Theatre of Varieties, seems to us to show that the last word has not yet been said, either in this controversy or in the matter of theatre prices and hours.

It is difficult to say offhand what times of performance would best suit the majority. Certainly there is much to be said for our correspondent's suggestion of 7.30 and 9.30 as the best hours for a two-shows-a-night house. Two hours is quite as much entertainment as most people want anywhere. Playwrights will very soon have to recognise this, as well as music-hall managers.

On the other point our correspondent raises we are quite sure he is right. Mr. Barrasford's prices may be lower than most, but they are not low enough. He is a pioneer in many ways. The public has much to thank him for. Perhaps we ought not to expect too much at once. But we are convinced a variety theatre with a £1,600 a week salary list might show a handsome profit at cheaper seat-rates than those which Mr. Barrasford charges at present.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If there be a Faith from of old, it is that no Lie can live for ever. All lies have sentence of death written down against them in Heaven's chancery itself; and, slowly or fast, advance incessantly towards their hour—*Carlyle, on Autocracy, in his "French Revolution."*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ALMOST the only person in a high position who appears to be exhibiting any presence of mind, as distinct from brutality inspired by fear, during the present crisis in Russia is the Dowager-Empress. Singularly like our own Queen Alexandra in appearance (just as the Tsar is like the Prince of Wales), the Dowager-Empress has far more sterner and determination in her composition than the Queen. She had great influence over her husband, the Emperor Alexander III., and an influence almost exclusive upon her son, the present Tsar, over whose upbringing she jealously watched. She could not prevent him from marrying according to his inclination, however, and after his marriage to the present Tsaritsa her power over him has steadily diminished.

The Tsaritsa is certainly one of the saddest figures in the Russian world. Her face has melancholy written upon it—melancholy and resignation. Brought up in the somewhat confined Protestant atmosphere which surrounded her mother, the Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's favourite daughter,

had also the exhausting business of telephoning connected with the art of stirring up languid politicians. At present he spends most of his time collecting Wedgwood ware. Lady Tweedmouth, whose sad death last year evoked universal sympathy, was, on the other hand, a great sports-woman—in fact, one of the best women shots in the world.

The provinces, who get much of the best acting and "entertaining" nowadays, will be disappointed to hear that Mr. George Grossmith will be prevented by his wife's serious illness from carrying out his proposed spring tour this year. Most "funny men" are proverbially melancholy, but Mr. George Grossmith, both at home and professionally, is really a humorist at heart. He has called himself, with a commendable modesty, "a society clown," and he is always ready for a joke. When he is asked out to parties he begins to be funny on the staircase, and generally manages to throw in a practical joke as well as the songs for which he receives his cheque.

He tells an amusing story to show how "clowns" are regarded in society. He went to sing at a cer-

GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR.



Portrait of the wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir, the man who ordered the massacre of the Russian strikers in St. Petersburg.

she had a youth full of depressing incidents. She was taught to be extremely frugal, to content herself with a few shillings a week as pocket-money, to examine into the possible result of all her actions. This scrupulousness led to an immense amount of hesitation as to the change required in her religion when she married the present Tsar. She altogether refused to curse the old form of her faith when the change took place.

The Tsar begged her to marry him long before she would consent. He used to follow her about in his patient, hesitating way whenever she stayed with her sister, the Grand Duchess Serge. Now, however, she has become more Russian than many Russians. She has dreams and superstitions, and attributes them to the influence of obscure saints in the Greek Calendar. She dreamt of St. Serafin of Saroff just before the birth of her son; and afterwards possessed herself of all the relics in that worthy's tomb, and now is never without them.

There was some excuse for the rumour which Lord Tweedmouth has just denied, that Brook House, in Park-lane, had been let to our new American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid. When Mr. Reid came over, as America's special representative at the Coronation, he occupied the house for six weeks. For this privilege he paid the enormous sum of 4,000 guineas. But, after all, the house is a magnificent one, and plate, linen, and servants were included in the arrangement.

Lord Tweedmouth was once a Government Whip, and, during the last Liberal Cabinet's term of office, he used to drive between Park-lane and the House of Commons with untiring energy. He

tain Duchess's with his great friend, Corney Grain. The Duchess was charmed with them both, and when her son came into the room, late from another party, she said: "Go and say something nice to Mr. Grossmith and to Mr. Grain—they are both quite gentlemen." The son went up to the singers. "I am so glad to meet you, gentlemen," he began. Then a pause, ominous and embarrassing. "Then, 'I've just come from Lady W's. We had some performing dogs there.' They both appreciated the delicate compliment.

The Austrian Archduke, Leopold Wollfing, who has been living in Switzerland since he gave up his high position some time ago in order to marry the woman of his choice, is about to become a Swiss citizen. He is a very intelligent man, who certainly weighed matters well before coming to what his Court relatives considered a desperate decision. He is undoubtedly eccentric, which perhaps only means that he does what he likes in a world where irreflections are suppressed by etiquette. He loves free-and-easy manners, hates punctuality and diplomacy, and all the other Court virtues. He offended his superior officer in the army one day by riding out dressed as a woman.

The Archduke has no independent means, and will live on the annuity which his renunciation of his old title brings. His wife, whose name was Mlle. Adamories, is a tall dark woman, by no means beautiful, according to English definitions of the word. She wears tiny German straw hats and German earrings, and her face is clever, alive, rather than pretty. She is the daughter of a post-office official, and was very successful as an actress. Her two sisters were ballet girls.

THE MAN WHO MAY RULE
RUSSIA.

Grand Duke Vladimir, Russia's One
Strong Man, May Bring About
a Palace Revolution.

RUSSIA has never yet had a popular revolution. She has had half a dozen palace revolutions. The cause of every one was the vacillation and incapacity of the reigning Tsar. Has the hour again struck for the substitution of a resolute tyrant for a nervous puppet?

Vladimir Alexandrovitch is the master of the situation. He is a bully: a man of violent, ungovernable temper; and not a statesman. But he is admired in the army; he knows his own mind; he is, in his way, courageous; he is unflinching, unrelenting. In everything that appeals to the imagination of soldiers and tyrants he is immeasurably ahead of his nephew Nicholas, the Tsar. Handsome, firm-faced, and dashing, he is a typical Man of Destiny.

TSAR IN FACT.

When Nicholas, terrified equally at the ideas of concession and repression, hid his unsoldierlike person in one of his half a dozen palaces, Vladimir became Tsar at a bound. He acted like a brute. But he knew what he wanted and got it. The massacre, in its way, was a masterpiece.

Will Vladimir, Tsar in fact, depose his nephew and become Tsar in name? Everything points to that issue. There are only two persons—one a baby, the other an inexperienced young man—before him in the line of succession. He is supported by the Grand Duke Alexis, the head of the navy; the Grand Duke Sergius, late Governor of Moscow; and the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch. As Commander of the St. Petersburg military district, he is master of the capital. In person, in mind, in manners, and in his recent act, he recalls his grandfather, the terrible Nicholas I., who mounted the throne through bloodshed when the real heir, Constantine, was covering in his Palace at Warsaw.

If Vladimir makes a bid for the throne, he will not be without civilian support. The Bureaucracy now feels that nothing but repression and bloodshed can save it. The time has gone by for compromise, and the reigning Tsar has shown himself incapable even to protect his own tyranny. If anyone can save the Bureaucracy from retribution and doom, it is the butcher of Sunday. If Vladimir shows himself worthy of his fate, he will have plenty of support in official circles.

HIS MANY SUPPORTERS.

The few unofficial-reactionaries now left in Russia will also support him. For months past Prince Meutcherky, the Moscow "Vedomosti," and other reactionary individuals and newspapers, have been calling for resolute repression of the popular cause. They hinted plainly that they were disgusted with the vacillation of Nicholas. They have now got a man after their own mind. Vladimir will gain their undivided support.

The army despises Nicholas II. for his insignificant person and timorous bearing. They adore the big, handsome bully who now rules St. Petersburg. Nicholas has not a supporter left. The Progressives hate him, the reactionaries despise him, the army sneers at him. If Vladimir seizes his chance, clears the streets with grapeshot, sends his insignificant nephew over the frontier, and installs himself in the Winter Palace, he may quell the revolution, and for a time reign. But even then the reckoning will only be delayed.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 25.—It is a sure sign that spring has not come when amateur gardeners and other write to the newspapers proclaiming the birth of snow-drops, primroses, etc. In reality, the early appearance of these flowers is not extraordinary, though it was interesting to read that monthly roses were picked last week in Devonshire.

It only shows that deep down in our hearts we are all waiting for the spring. Year after year it is the same. Though a garden-lover should live to be ninety, he will still eagerly watch for the first primrose, still be thrilled by the skylark's first song. E. F. T.

HOW BROWN GOT A RISE.

In a certain large business house the chief is a very peppery individual. Recently one of his young men bearded him in his den about an increase in salary. His wages were £150.

"All my clerks are paid what they are worth to me," snapped the man. "Your application is impertinent! What salary are you getting now?"

A happy thought struck the clerk. "Two hundred and fifty a year, sir," he said. "Um! Send in the manager!" "Make Brown's salary £200 a year," said the "governor." The manager was about to offer an explanation. "Do as I tell you!" thundered the old man. "I'll teach the young upstart to dictate to me what salary to pay my people!"—*Birmingham Dart.*

PHOTOGRAPHS AND SCENES OF THE REVOLUTION IN ST. PETERSBURG.

RUSSIAN STREETS BARRICADED.



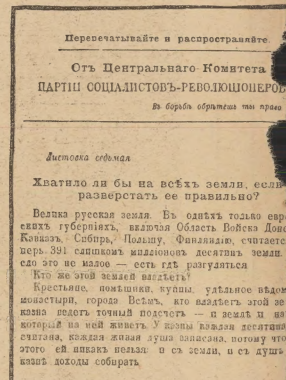
The dotted line in this photograph shows where the strikers have erected a barricade in the Gorokhovaya, St. Petersburg, in front of the Admiralty buildings.

A DROSKY DRIVER.



Barricades are being erected in the streets with these drivers' sledges.

SPREADING THE REV



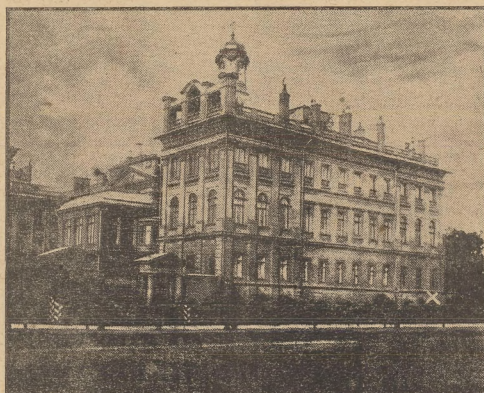
Front page of a revolutionary pamphlet distributed broadcast in Russia.

SCENE ON VASSILI ISLAND.



It was at this part of the Vassili Ostroff quarter that the strikers were shot down by the troops.—(Stereograph, copyright, by Underwood and Underwood.)

ROYAL PALACE, SCENE OF SLAUGHTER.



Anitchkoff Palace, the Dowager-Empress's Palace, which she has now left. The strikers smashed all the windows in the Palace, and three times the military fired on the crowd outside this royal residence. The white cross indicates the spot where 200 demonstrators were massacred.

CIRCASSIANS SHOOT RUSSIANS



Circassian Cavalry have been added to the Nevsky garrison, and squadrons of these troops are parading the Nevsky Prospect. The Circassians are reputed to enjoy killing Russians. This photograph shows Circassian soldiers.

SOLDIERS WHO FIRST FIRED ON THE STRIKERS.



A squadron of the 7th Uhlans, the favourite regiment of the Tsar. The Uhlans formed part of the large number of troops who were drawn up to oppose the march of the demonstrators to the Winter Palace, and they were the first troops to fire on the strikers.

GREAT RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST



Maxime Gorky (on the left), the world-famed Russian revolutionary agitator, who has been selected to sit on the Provisional Committee. He is ever ready to do and dare anything in the people's cause.

NICHOLAS II.: "NOW HAVE I PEACE WITH MY PEOPLE."



"St. Petersburg has been declared under martial law, and it has been provided that accused persons can be arrested, tried, and sentenced even in cases where the death penalty is inflicted, within six hours."—(Cartoon from "Simplicissimus.")

MAN IN A MILLION. THE LATEST AID TO BEAUTY.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

READERS BEGIN HERE.

regic irony and of the "eternal triangle"—one woman.

pect was loved by one, Anthony Heron, a and her husband, Dick Tempest, learning ve and being the most unselfish of mortals, icide to clear the path for a new wedding. on, the lover, shocked by the tragedy, raudous Vanna Tempest. He persuades a ecent point of the story she is concerned er of her daughter to the Duke of St. Joan is quite unaffected by the exalted social e young man in Paris is the Hon. Billy Charteris. daughter are at Mrs. Frankel's reception, following chapter opens.

CHAPTER XVI.

standing with reluctant feet.

Where the brook and river meet.

—Longfellow.

enced several times with the Duke, and her surprise, that there was a consideration of amusement, even pleasure, to be such a dreaded ordeal as a ball. When saw her and her mother into their coupé if she had known him all her life, and ve little soul there was a nice feeling on, and she was very glad that she had

ad risen from the bridge-table the 000 francs, and all the time her thoughts far, far away in a region of dreams. s of resurrection was going on; the life of the last three years was being I shattered; a new life struggled for in her soul.

opped her head against the cushions.

try late, and she was healthily tired. never been more wide-awake in her life a very nice young man," she said. re you asleep?

is his name?" asked Joan with a yawn. heavens, you are not human!" cried her. "Do you mean to say that you spent the ming with him without finding out his is the Duke of St. Peter's?" Her voice rill, like Mrs. Frankel's, but she prohe name in tones of reasonable gratifica-

aid Joan: "but there was no fluttering east. She was probably unique in this she knew who he was, it made not the erence in her estimation of him.

awfully nice," she went on. "I do like be natural." afford to be. He has one of the biggest at one of the biggest fortunes in the kingdom."

"I see what difference that makes," re- Joan indifferently. "I think it's in a self—either they're nice and unaffected or they're not. Now Billy is just the Duke, and yet he's poor and hasn't ricularly big name. In fact, I think other alike: I think I shall feel about the as I do about Billy, when I know him if he were my brother."

"said Vanna sharply, "don't at into the way of telling me that you n them as brothers. You were talking unction just now; well, I know you don't it sounds horribly affected. And, I isn't the truth."

"I do mean it," exclaimed the girl. "I thought I'd love to have a lot of brothers. y knows it."

mind Billy," said Vanna good- ally, for she was quite willing that her youthful and straightforward daughter uk upon the Honourable William Char- he were her brother.

xt morning Joan had a music lesson, and, e came back to the Rue Marbeuf to she found her mother gone out. "She elette and her well-cooked and garnished solitude, and then made ready to go and y Charteris, as she had arranged yester- met him almost every day; and they some- plored a museum or a picture gallery, but n they both preferred to stretch their long mbs in a sharp walk. To-day the meeting s the Tuileries Gardens; but just as Joan e the Metropolitan Station at the corner ace de la Concorde, she espied Billy's un- le tweed-clad figure approaching her. ief thing about Billy was his height. He endid frame, and he moved with the long, hurried grace of perfect proportion. Also yred in his whole person the arrogant but ed theory of the Englishman, that the as made for him. Otherwise, he would not n remarkable, for he was by no means e. He had a broad forehead, straight, pt hair, a fairly good skin, nice hazel her large nose and mouth, with lips more than one would have expected. He was roomed as a Guardsman, and did not look t like an artist. None of his friends quite y he had more or less settled down in study painting. Perhaps the best reason e turned out quite excellent pictures, of

the impressionist school—there were once some bits of the Seine of his shown in the Salon, that displayed some of the mystery and glamour that Whistler, in his incomparable etchings, gave to his beloved Thames. He was the youngest son of a peer; he had a private income of five hundred a year, and he managed to live within it.

"You're late, Jo," said Billy, as he came up to the girl. They did not shake hands; they met each other as men do, with a nod.

"Sorry," Joan replied laconically. "Which way shall we walk? Towards Not? Dame? All right." She was a tall girl, but she barely reached his shoulder. However, she walked so well that she easily fell into his swinging stride. "Fact is," she went on, "just as I was coming out I happened to look in the glass and discovered that I had put on a black hat with a blue dress. That's a sin in mother's eyes, and, as she wasn't there, I felt I must go back to my room and change."

"Poor Jo!" said Billy, with commiseration. "If you ever do anything very wrong in your life when you die you will go to a place where you will have to change your clothes a dozen times a day."

"I shall always try to be good," the girl replied in her quiet, direct manner. All through her life Joan never cultivated a sense of humour.

"I am sure you will," said Billy, and for a moment a bright, softened look came into his eyes that the girl did not see, and even if she had seen, would not have understood. They talked of all manner of things as they walked. There was a perfect comradeship between them. From their very first meeting, at a bazaar in aid of some British convalescent home, they had been what they both called "pals"; and if this good and comfortable relation had given way in the young man's heart to a feeling tenderer and more natural Joan had not the slightest suspicion that such was the case.

She was such a child in many ways. She began to tell him in detail every single thing that she had done since she had parted from him on the previous day. She told him about her conversation with mother, and how Mrs. Tempest had almost promised to take her to England.

And, in due course, she came to the evening that she had spent in Mrs. Frankel's beautiful hotel in the Rue du Berri.

"I actually danced, Billy," she said, with almost an apologetic smile.

"No!" exclaimed the young man, who was fully acquainted with her peculiarities, of which a savage shyness was the chiefest. "And did your partners devour you?"

"I didn't have many," she replied; and then, with transparent truthfulness, added, "only two."

"Who were they?" he asked.

"The Comte de Chantilly and the Duke of St. Peter's."

"Oh! And how often did you dance with St. Peter's?"

"Five times," Joan was incapable of saying anything that was not exactly the truth.

"That was pretty good," said Billy. She did not notice that there was something a wee bit strained in his manner.

"He was jolly and natural, like you, and I felt that I could say what I liked to him. And he seemed to understand that I wanted to go to England so badly. Really, Billy, he was awfully like you."

"But I don't want you to think anybody awfully like me," said the young man decidedly.

"Well, of course, I couldn't really," she admitted. "I mean in comparison with the others."

And then Billy's sterling genuineness got the better of his suddenly aroused jealousy.

"This isn't a bit like the life for you, Jo," he said emphatically. "You ought to be hunting and playing hockey and tennis and golf, with a rousing good gallop every morning."

"Mother says perhaps she'll take me to England," said the girl. "I told you just now."

"I should think it highly probable that Mrs. Tempest will take you to England," retorted Billy. There was something peculiar about the tone of his voice.

"Why do you say that, Billy?" asked Joan.

In the face of her complete innocence he could not give his real reason.

"Oh, well, you know," he answered evasively, "three years is a long time. I rather expect Mrs. Tempest is getting homesick herself."

The fact was that he had never liked Joan's mother. Vanna and he were instinctively antagonistic. Perhaps he did her an injustice, but it is certain that he imagined that if the young Duke of St. Peter's had taken the sudden fancy to her that the girl's absolutely innocent account of her meeting with him seemed to imply, Mrs. Tempest would be nothing loth to take her daughter to England where she could see more of him.

"Mother never talks about England," said Joan, to whom Billy's suspicions would have been Greek, even if he had explained them fully. "It was you who made me want to go home so badly. Why, you're going yourself, Billy!"

His eyes brightened.

"Would that make any difference to you, Jo?" he asked in a strange voice.

"Why, of course; how can you be so silly?" she cried, with frank good-will. "You're my only friend; I should just love to be in England with you."

A little sigh escaped him.

"I hope you will be," he said soberly. "Yes, I'm going home next month—for a little while. I

(Continued on page 13.)

A Novelty at a "White Sale."

It is sale time that gives the modern, up-to-date draper his opportunity to do something which will attract the attention of the women-folk to his establishment in particular

amidst all the keen rivalry which exists nowadays. It is very difficult to secure a real suitable outstanding attraction, which will cry out with irresistible force to the imagination of the fair

ladies ever on the look-out for novelties which will make them yet fairer still.

At the establishment of Messrs. D. H. Evans, in Oxford-street, there has this week commenced what is poetically called a "White Sale," and during the course of this sale there will be presented a demonstra-

tion of surpassing interest and pleasure to all who witness it. What is the nature of this daring innovation? Something new and efficacious in the way of beauty culture for women!

What food for reflection is conveyed in the expression of this single idea! What a conception to place before eager students! If a famous saying be true, then the converse is true also, and the proper study of womanhood is woman.

No one will dispute the dogma that a beautifully-moulded woman is a poem more eloquent than all the classics.

There are many to-day who are preaching the gospel of the body beautiful, and there are as many theories and systems as there are teachers. But amongst them all the great apostle is Sandow. Head and shoulders he stands out above his competitors, his theories proved by repeated successes.

In all previous systems of self-training and development woman has been treated as a weak man only, restricted to lighter apparatus and lighter work. But having made his discovery, Sandow now tells the world that this is all a mistake. Woman is constituted physically differently to a man. And this physical difference is greatly accentuated by her manner of dress. Both by inheritance, from her ancestors, through their having worn corsets, and also from the fact that in the majority of cases she has worn them herself from early childhood, the average woman is weak in the waist as compared with the average man. A woman requires to develop symmetry of form and grace of carriage, clear complexion, and general health of constitution.

A woman with great biceps or a back upon which the muscles form a sort of living anatomical chart would contravene the laws and order of Nature, and prove herself an anomaly. Bearing, then, all these matters in mind, and utilising his wonderful knowledge of the human form in his researches, Sandow set about devising an apparatus for exercise which would satisfy all a woman's needs. To a surprising extent he has succeeded. Having

Every lady writings, mentioning the "Daily Mirror," to Sandow Co., 17, Basinghall-street, London, E.C., will receive a copy free of all charge.

Mr. Sandow has just issued an illustrated book, entitled "Beauty by Natural Means."

And the matter of the Symmetrion is in connection with the development of womanly loveliness, it may be purchased at all leading drapers', stores, and outfitters'.

And they may rest assured that its pages are full of beauty and interest.—[ADVT.]

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for its principal object the development of the symmetrical figure, it is very aptly called the "Symmetrion." And for use in connection with it he has arranged several series of movements, each series having a special aim as regards remedying particular defects. For example, a woman who has an otherwise good figure, but who is unfortunately developing a double chin, may, with the use of the Symmetrion entirely correct this defect.

A noteworthy feature of the Symmetrion is the ease with which it can be used, and a very ingenious attachment makes possible a number of movements, which no apparatus up to the present has provided, for chin, neck, and shoulder improvement. A neck which is skinny, says Sandow, can be filled out in time with firm

may be even in ex- where dreaded appear, they filled and so For use with trion there are ercises ar- especially sup- hips, and an- conducive to proved grace And this is a first importance, as few women realise the value of graceful movement in connection with good appearance. For the comparatively plain woman will, if her every movement is inspired of grace, convey a greater impression of beauty than a much better-featured rival who is heavy of tread and ungainly in action.

Thus one might run through the gamut of feminine graces which will be accentuated, strengthened, produced, and developed by the user of this wonderful contrivance. And the demonstration will prove indisputably to all who are fortunate enough to witness it the unique utility of Mr. Sandow's new system of beauty culture for women.

To those who are not fortunate enough to attend D. H. Evans' establishment, but who are anxious to put to the test the various uses of the Symmetrion in the development of womanly loveliness, it may be purchased at all leading drapers', stores, and outfitters'.

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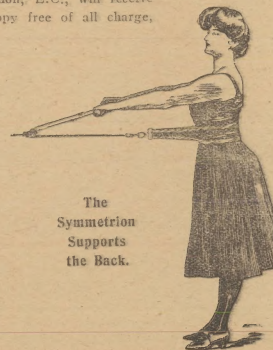
Note the gentle support given to the Waist.



The Symmetrion in Use to Beautify the Neck.



The Symmetrion as a Hip Developer.



The Symmetrion Supports the Back.

THE REAL TSAR?

Opposing Views of Writers Who Know Him Personally.

MR. STEAD'S HIGH PRAISE.

Heavy Condemnation by a Writer in the "Quarterly Review."

"I thank God for him! If he be spared to Russia, that young man will go far." That is what Mr. W. T. Stead thinks of the Tsar, and the conclusion he came to after a special private interview.

In his article in the "Review of Reviews" he had nothing but good to say of the man whom all the world is condemning to-day.

"The note of his intellectual temperament is that of extreme alertness. As he is also extremely sympathetic, this makes him one of the most charming persons to talk to that I have ever met. He is as quick as a needle and as bright.

"Alertness, exactness, lucidity, and definiteness are four excellent qualities in a man, and the Emperor has them all.

"Add to this a modesty as admirable as it is rare, and it must be admitted that even if the net human product should fall short of being a great ruler, he has at least all the qualities which make men beloved by their fellows.

HIS NOBLE GRAVITY.

"The bright, clear, blue eye, the sympathetic change of feature, the merry laugh, succeeded in a moment by an expression of noble gravity and of high resolve, the rapidity and grace of his movements, even his curious little expressive shrug of his shoulders, are all glimpses of a character, not often found unspoiled by power.

"Those who know him best appear to love him most, and, naturally enough, each one thinks his only fault is that he is too ready to sacrifice his own convenience and his own wishes to oblige the others.

"He is loyal in his friendships and slow to part with any of those who are in his own or his father's service."

A totally different point of view is taken by a writer—obviously a high authority—of a recent article in the "Quarterly Review."

In his opinion Nicholas II. is a weak man—even a coward—with a weak man's obstinacy and high opinion of himself. His first appearance as ruler of his Empire was at a State Council. His statesmen "expected Imperial Majesty, but were confronted with childish constraint, a shambling gait, a furtive glance."

PLAYING THE TYRANT.

His second appearance gave him an opportunity for a piece of petty tyranny and childish petulance most reasonable.

"Yet the autocrat strode majestically into the brilliantly-lighted hall, and with knitted brows and tightly-drawn lips, turned wrathfully upon the chosen men of the nation, stamped his foot, and ordered them to obey their chimerical notions."

The government of the country is carried out by his favourites, whom he changes with his fitful moods. Obscure and dangerous men, unlearned in statecraft, act as his advisers, and for them he ignores his tried and experienced Ministers. Then, too, he is likely to betray their chimerical notions, and they only retain his passing favour by pandering to his every wish and flattery his every idea.

He is not ruled by favourites, but served by courtiers. There is no settled policy in the kingdom, for he is too half-hearted to follow one himself and too childishly self-compunct to allow anyone else to do so. He can brook nothing which might be construed into weakness on his part.

Between him and his people stand his courtiers, who willfully deceive him. He knows nothing of Russia, but it is his servant, though he is unfit to rule and has not even the tact to keep up appearances.

"NICKY'S" POOR COURAGE.

That the Tsar is not a man of courage is proved by a letter written by Prince George of Greece. It was written soon after the famous occasion in 1891, when the Tsar was attacked by a Japanese fanatic during his tour in Japan.

The letter is written in that frank, boyish manner which has always been characteristic of Prince George, and says that when the attack was delivered "Nicky jumped out of the cart and the man ran after him. . . . Nicky ran into a shop, but came out again immediately, which enabled the man to overtake him."

But Prince George ran after the man who ran after "Nicky," and disabled him with a stick before he could deal a second blow at the intended victim.

While "Nicky" was in India, too, he surprised everyone by his extreme nervousness. Wherever he went the Grand Duke Vladimir was at his side to support and encourage him, but even then the popping of a soda-water bottle cork behind him made him jump from his seat with a terrified exclamation as though he had been shot.

THE VOICE OF THE REVOLUTION.

About the Very "Little Father" Who Ran Away and Hid Himself from Danger.

A Tsar in hiding.—"Daily Telegraph." The Tsar was false to all his ideals.—"Daily Mail."

A transient and embarrassed phantom.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

It is a miserable ending for a career which once promised brightly.—"The Globe."

Priest and Prince, he has harried his flock and slain his people.—"Daily News."

"Then Nicky ran" is likely to be once more the bitter jest of his capitals.—"The Daily Express."

The Emperor is a kindly Prince, who means well, as many weak people do who break down in the hour of trial.—"Standard."

The Tsar has missed a great opportunity. His reign might have been partially redeemed if he had displayed one generous impulse at a supreme moment.—"The Times."

That the Tsar himself is actuated by the profoundest trust in his people, and love for them, I know; but I also know the terrible pressure brought to bear upon him by men who have every reason to fear any development of Russian freedom.—Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., in the "Daily News."

UNITED STATES.

Nicholas II. is not only a bigot and a tyrant, but a coward as well.—"New York Sun."

The miserable little Tsar, vain, arrogant, self-sufficient, cruel, will get little sympathy.—"Journal," New York.

Is there a man in Russia to-day? Let him step into the shoes of the last of the Romanoffs.—"Evening Post" (New York).

He hurries away from the sight of that blood-stained snow. And well he may, this miserable "Father of the people."—Washington "Star."

FRANCE.

He is not the father of his people, but their executioner.—"Petite République."

He is decimating the best of his people. It is he who now is the murderer.—M. Jaurès in "Humanité."

It is no longer merely the Bureaucracy, but the Sovereign in person who is being put on his trial by the people.—"The Aurore."

One word from Nicholas II. might have sufficed to stop the conflict between the people and the troops. The Tsar is now no longer the "little father" of his people; he has shown himself unwilling to hear them.—M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the greatest French authority on Russia, in the "Liberté" (Paris).

GERMANY.

The adversaries of Tsarism are the soldiers of the West against Asiatic barbarism.—"Frankfurter Zeitung."

These men, trusting to the justice of the Tsar, whom they reverence as their reverence God, were mercilessly butchered.—"Berliner Tageblatt."

By flight Nicholas II. may escape the consequences of his cowardly act. But Russia cannot escape. She lies trembling under the red lash of revolution.—"Volkszeitung" (Stuttgart).

Unavailing repentance and life-long terror are the fruits of the mad folly which plunges a great nation into fratricidal war. As Nicholas II. has sown, so will he reap.—"Neueste Nachrichten" (Munich).

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Tsar and his advisers are responsible for having trampled on the rights of humanity.—"Zeit" (Vienna).

The Tsar would not listen to their petition; now he has to listen to the battle-cry of revolution.—"Arbeiterzeitung" (Vienna).

Instead of hearing their prayers he orders them to be shot down. A broad gulf of blood separates the ruler and his subjects.—"Neue Freie Presse" (Vienna).

Never has the world seen the responsible ruler of a great Empire so completely effaced by his Ministers.—"Politik" (Prague).

ITALY.

The Tsar must surrender or perish.—"Messaggero" (Rome).

Imperial promises have been proved to be lies and snares. At last hypocrisy and fear have borne their fruit.—"Tribuna" (Rome).

The Tsar has placed a finger on the page of history, and the imprint he has left can never be wiped out. It is red with blood.—"Democrazia" (Palermo).

No excuses can be accepted from the man, Emperor or Minister, who has plunged Russia, for the sake of a word, into the horrors of a revolution.—"Secolo" (Milan).

Secret Pamphlets Distributed Broadcast Inciting Russians to Rise.

"SOLDIERS, DON'T SHOOT."

That the revolution imminent in Russia has been carefully organised in advance is proved by the vast quantities of "underground" literature which have been distributed among the masses in the past month.

Some of it is printed in Warsaw and Odessa, within the Empire. But the greater part is produced in Leipzig, Stuttgart, and Berlin, and smuggled across the frontier.

It is the work of two parties—the "Zemstvo" (or, as we should say, county councils) men, who are moderate Constitutionalists, and the Social Democrats, the avowed adherents of revolution.

The pamphlets are produced in the cellars of supposed private houses. Not a week passes without a printing press being seized by the police. Four were captured in Odessa last December. Nevertheless, their number grows.

It is pathetic to notice in these pamphlets, in view of the Tsar's present action and attitude, that it is the officials and "Tsarism"—not the Tsar personally—which are the objects of attack. Thus, a leaflet, smuggled to the number of half a million over the Austrian frontier, is entitled "The Wolf Tchinnovniks (officials) and the Sheep Tsar." Keep-

LAST NIGHT'S PLAY.



Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Miss Winifred Emery in "Much Ado About Nothing," revived on an expensive scale at His Majesty's Theatre last night.

ing up the pious fiction that Nicholas is Father of his People, it calls upon all Russians to "assist" him to establish a decent Government.

A special class of literature is produced for the peasants. Not one moujik out of five can read or write. Those who can read usually understand only the simplest words. The peasant is therefore appealed to in pamphlets and leaflets written in simple Russian and bearing such titles as "Slushaito, Dobrye Krestianyni!" ("Listen, good peasants!"), "Stcho Krestianin Dolzhno Znat'" ("What a peasant should know"), and so on.

Occasionally this "revolutionary" literature is illustrated with rude cuts, showing "How Ivan Ivanovitch is" (the cut showing a hungry man in a dilapidated hut), and "How Ivan Ivanovitch should be," showing him sleek and prosperous, and surrounded by herds of cattle and horses.

An enormous quantity of literature is specially produced for the soldiers. How greedily it is read may be judged from the fact that the Ministry of War nearly every month circularises commanding officers, instructing them to search the soldiers' kits. One leaflet, issued in Warsaw, bears the appealing title "Ne strelaito!" ("Don't shoot!").

"A soldier," says the author logically, "is the servant and defender of his countrymen, and not of their oppressors. If he slaughters the enemies of his country in a just cause he behaves honestly. If he shoots down innocent men and women of his own race, he is antheima and Antichrist" (two favourite terms of obloquy among the moujiks).

Incidents That Show the Way Events Are Tending.

COLLECTED FROM ALL SOURCES.

The prices of provisions are rising in St. Petersburg.

The streets of Odessa are patrolled night and day by mounted gendarmes.

Five sleigh-drivers were killed by the people for driving instead of striking work.

Russians in America are said to have collected \$100,000 to help the revolutionists.

The wealthy classes are apprehensive, and many are leaving St. Petersburg while the trains are still running.

The sledge of an august personage was stopped by twenty persons belonging to the best society. They spat in his face.

The revolution cannot be a success unless the troops join the people. Yesterday there came the news that several regiments had mutinied.

One-fourth of the population of Moscow exist like rabbits in subterranean lodgings, each room with four or more inhabitants to the average.

RIFLES WANTED IN THE CAPITAL.

The St. Petersburg workmen are occupying their time by manufacturing rough weapons of various kinds. They are very badly off for rifles.

The workmen of Moscow, on the other hand, are known to be well supplied with firearms, although the most stringent regulations are in force against their possession.

The St. Petersburg lawyers, who have suspended work for the present, are considering whether they should not refuse to do any more until autocracy has been abolished.

Assassination is a daily occurrence in some part of the Empire or another, and attempts at assassination of all classes of unpopular officials are alarmingly on the increase.

Every workman in Moscow who can read is busy with a newspaper. Ten, even five, years ago it would have been rather difficult to discover a newspaper in a workman's hand.

"The next three days will decide," says the friends of revolution in London. "If the disaffection spreads to the other large centres the Central Government will be paralysed."

In Sevastopol two regiments refused to fire at sailors who had joined the revolution. Discussing the question, the soldiers said, "If we are to shoot then the officers shall be our targets."

ODESSA AN ARMED CAMP.

Arrangements have been made for drawing cordons of troops round Odessa. Twelve thousand reservists are confined to barracks, and the streets are patrolled night and day by mounted gendarmes.

The celebrated feast of St. Tatiana (to-day) is believed to have been chosen for a tremendous demonstration. Popular rumour has it that the military authorities are prepared to bring out their artillery.

Dialogue overheard between two workmen and a soldier:—"Why, brother, do you fire on your own people?"—"What can we do, brother; remember our oath."—"But our oath is to the country, not to the Tsar."

Estates of vast size are enjoyed by the Grand Dukes, who are the uncles and cousins of the Tsar, and the high positions of state which the majority of them fill and directly and indirectly to their enormous revenues.

If a revolutionary tribunal is established, writes Mr. Arnold White, the sanguinary achievements of Robespierre will be eclipsed. Robespierre's tribunal in the French Revolution only put to death 2,774 persons.

WHY COSSACKS WERE THE BUTCHERS.

The Cossacks belong to the nomad tribes of Central Eastern and Southern Russia, have no sympathy with the labourers of the north, and, as a matter of fact, despise them. Hence the reason why they were utilised for Sunday's ghastly work.

It is disclosed by bullet-marks being found as high as the second storey on buildings near the Troitsky Bridge, St. Petersburg, that a considerable number of the soldiers must have disobeyed or neglected the injunction of their officers to aim low.

Six weeks ago the insurance premium on the Tsar's life stood at ten guineas per cent. for the twelve months' risk. Then it jumped up to twenty guineas. But yesterday insurances were being placed in Lloyd's at thirty guineas per cent. for three months, and fifty guineas per cent. net for the year.

At a recent performance at St. Petersburg a man shouted to an actress known to be on intimate terms with one of the Grand Dukes, "From your left ear hangs a ship, from your right ear another, and round your neck is half a fleet." He alluded, of course, to her jewels and the misappropriation of public money by the Grand Dukes. The performance had to be stopped.

The Sick Man's Bargain!



SCOTT'S EMULSION is over the best bargain for a sick man—indeed for anyone ill with disease of the throat, lungs or blood. What a sick man gets for his money when he buys Scott's Emulsion is A CURE. It is horribly expensive to get the wrong thing! Get the right thing, Scott's Emulsion, and get it at the start. In your particular case if you get anything but Scott's Emulsion you are making your cure doubtful, most probable postponing a cure until the day on which you do get Scott's Emulsion. When you are ill, experimenting on yourself is not a bargain—you stand a chance of not getting well at all! With Scott's Emulsion it is never an experiment. This is WHY: Scott's Emulsion is an everyday remedy in over 300 hospitals and sanatoria, is cordially recommended by more than 1800 certificated nurses and is prescribed by over 5000 medical men. (Letters recording these facts can be seen). Scott's Emulsion is the sick man's bargain—if you have Scott's it is unnecessary to buy anything else—Scott's provides the complete cure! To know how valuable it is send 4d. (for postage) with name of this paper—you will receive free sample bottle of Scott's and "The Spirit of the Sunshine." SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11, Stonecutter Street, E.C. London.

If you begin Scott's Emulsion to-day your cure begins To-day.

The largest bottle is the greatest bargain—it contains more *pro rata* to its price.

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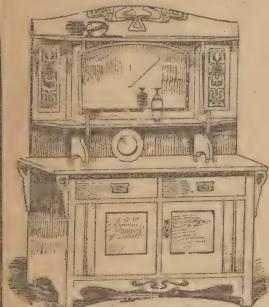
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HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MARVELLOUS STAGE PICTURES AND BEAUTIFUL DRESSES.

"Much Ado About Nothing," revived last night by Mr. Tree at His Majesty's Theatre, may justly be called a representation that is one long burst of radiance from beginning to end, with the exception of the scene in the vault, the melancholy of which is minimised by the knowledge that the tomb does not contain the body of the beautiful Hero.

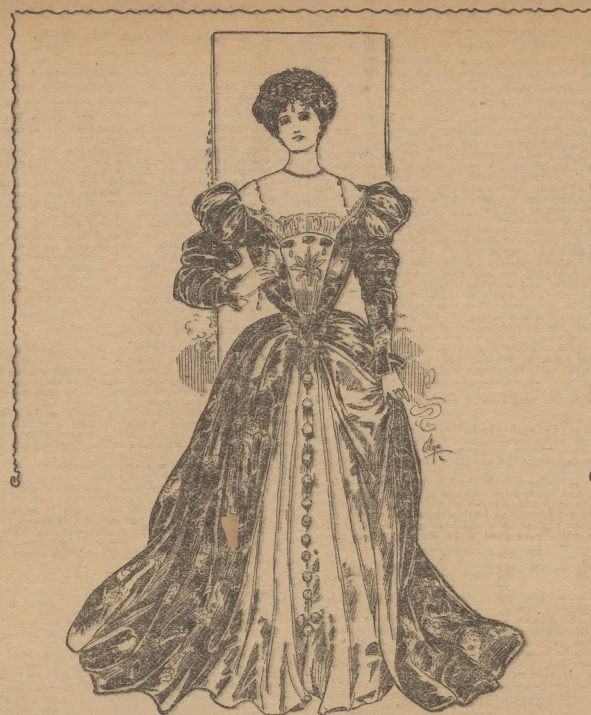
The first scene, in which a feast is taking place in the courtyard before Leonato's house, is like a picture by Paul Veronese. The table is spread with luscious fruit and plenty of wine, there are men in armour newly returned from battle, and others in the splendid costumes of the sixteenth century that men affected, and the women are, of course, gorgeously attired.

A Great Favourite's Return.

It is at this juncture that Miss Winifred Emery makes her first appearance in the play, and on the stage after her protracted illness, as Beatrice, attired in a sumptuous gown of dark green velvet patterned with gold, worn over a gold satin petticoat, and cut, after the manner of those days, quite low upon the shoulders, though the sleeves are long and are furnished with big puffs slashed with gold on the shoulders. The gown will be observed illustrated on this page.

The scene in the garden of Leonato's house discovers Miss Miriam Clements as Hero, in a simple white dress appliqued with velvet and worn with a wreath of flowers round the throat, and Miss Winifred Emery, in a lay version of the old ecclesiastical dalmatic made of embroidered satin and worn over a skirt of copper satin. Once more she wears the beautiful pear-shaped pearl that hangs from an invisible chain upon her forehead, and her hair is dressed after the manner of those times with the big plaited coronal that singularly enough is once more in vogue now. The dalmatic is a type of tunic that hangs loosely back and front and is slit up the sides to show a complete under-dress.

Miss Emery's most splendid toilette is reserved for Hero's wedding, or what should have been the marriage of that hapless damsel, and the charming but short scene in the bedroom that precedes it. It is a copy of a gown from one of Titian's pictures, and the interior of the church itself must also have been faithfully copied from an ancient painting.



Here is shown the dress in which Miss Emery makes her first appearance on the stage of His Majesty's Theatre, after her long illness. It is a most becoming gown of rich green velvet, patterned with gold, worn over a gold satin petticoat, and is fashioned after the manner of an antique picture, correct in every detail. Miss Emery wears a beautiful pearl ornament on her forehead, attached by an invisible chain to her costume.

purposely been tinted to avoid the crude effect of newly-washed linen.

Miss Miriam Clements in these scenes wears, of course, the white robes of a bride, with a great loose tulle veil which falls from her like a cloud in the harrowing moment of her denunciation. A most becoming toilette is an apple-green taffetas dress of an earlier scene worn over a bronze-brown skirt, and with this she dresses her hair in the manner familiar to her, braided in a thick plait which is posed over the crown of her head. Miss Muriel Alston and Miss Alice Crawford as Margaret and Ursula, the gentlewomen who attend on Hero, are garbed very picturesquely in every scene.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.

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A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

do get a bit sick of this life, although I'm fond of my painting, and some of the chaps here are very good fellows indeed. By the way"—he looked at his watch—"I've forgotten all about it. My brother's arriving to-day by the 4.55, and he asked me to be at the station to meet him. I'm awfully sorry, Jo, but I must be off. Let me put you into a fiacre."

She shook her head.

"I'd much rather walk, Billy. You know I'm accustomed to walking, and I've done so by myself. Which brother is it? Lord Perivale?"

"No; Jack, the next youngest to me. Bless you, old Robert looks upon Paris as an evil spot—the headquarters of the old gentleman himself. He'd never come near it. Do drive, Jo. I'm afraid you're too independent."

"Not a bit of it," she replied, smiling. "There's a cab for you. Hurry up! Au revoir!"

"May I bring my brother to see you?"

"Do. Mother will be delighted."

He jumped into the open voiture, and was driven off, waving his hat.

When Billy was gone she retraced her steps. She walked faster alone than with him, and soon found herself back in the Rue de Rivoli. By the corner of the huge Magasins du Louvre she paused, undecided as to whether she should have a cup of tea and some cakes at the little shop under the arcade or stroll through the Louvre Galleries and look at her favourite pictures, for Billy Charteris had succeeded in educating her up to a very genuine appreciation of the masterpieces of those world-famous rooms.

She had had a very good lunch, and she was not in the least bit hungry or thirsty. Such a small thing will decide a woman's fate. So she crossed the road and walked through the great courtyard and up the steps into the vestibule of the picture gallery.

She had no umbrella to leave, and she passed through the corridor, lined with plaster casts of famous antiques, up the staircase, and, traversing another room, found herself in the Salon Carré, where are gathered together the gems of this famous collection.

And there by the door she paused, just by Murillo's virgin, soaring in the clouds, with her foot on the crescent moon.

Joan looked at her without interest—for the first time since Billy Charteris had taken her the meaning of all these painted things. She did not know what was the matter with her; but she was discontented with her life—with everything. She supposed in all faith that she was hankering after England, the homeland that, in spite of her

mother's half-assurance, it did not seem she was really going to see. Yes, that was it; she was tired of Paris, of foreigners; she felt like an exile; she wanted England, the green country, the fields, the hedges, the flowers—

"Your eyes are as blue as the Madonna's cloak," said a voice beside her.

She looked up. The words had penetrated to her ears, because they were spoken in her mother's tongue. But their meaning and the unpardonable familiarity of them, had not penetrated to her brain.

She met the man's eyes, and the steady, compelling gaze of them made her flush.

She drew back instinctively; but the man spoke again.

"I do beg your pardon," he said. His voice was pleasant, with a masterful quality that made her listen. "It was unpardonably rude of me. I've got a dreadful habit of talking my thoughts aloud. I haven't even the excuse of not knowing that you are English. I could see it at once."

Joan smiled. In her present mood that pleased her.

"It doesn't matter," she said politely. "I can't help it if my eyes are blue."

"Of course you can't," he agreed, and he smiled, too. His smile was charmingly boyish, although he was not a boy. He was unmistakably a gentleman, and very good to look at. He had a fine, strong face, with something youthful and open in his expression that immediately won the girl's confidence. He was dark and clean-shaven, well-dressed, and well-groomed; but, above all, he looked strong. And he had obviously not meant to be rude.

All that she saw in his face. One thing that she could not know, and that would have said nothing to her if she had known it, was that his name was Anthony Heron.

(To be continued.)



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